



Time Drifts in Faded Colors



53 1 4

Chapter 1 by ParadoxalMirrors

As the blinding lights fade, tendrils of darkness replacing their vividness, I release the breath I'd sucked in. Still gripping that poor girl's arm, both of us gasping as the pressure sinks into our guts, I open my eyes.

"Are you okay?" The words don't sound like my own, and my lips feel numb. Adjusting the sleeve of my hoodie, I glance up at her and her purple wireframe shades. The tinted glass shimmers in the afternoon sunlight, her head turning at the sound of my voice. She's got pretty dark hair; looks sort of half-Korean, too. She's probably got beautiful eyes, too.

"God, I did it again, didn't I? Damn it." Shaking her head, she rubs her forehead with her hands, shrugging me off. As if instantly regretting it, her hand reaches out, snatching up my hand again.

"Who are you? I'm so sorry..."

"Uh," I was never good with on-the-spot answers. Peeking around just to be sure she was actually talking to me--I mean, come on, it's a reasonable response--I find myself choking on my own breath.

Was that a freaking carriage?! On the roundabout in front of... "Saint Lucifer's Girls' Preparatory Academy...?"

The girl sniffs, shaking her head again. "Fate hates me, I think,"

I'm more concerned with my surroundings. It looked like we were on a 1700s Victorian movie set. Everything from the cobbled roads to the petite French hat shops, the men with cravats and waistcoats to the women with corsets and poofy skirts; all of it was meticulously authentic.

"What the hell just happened?" Squinting, I feel my nose scrunch up like it usually does during math tests. This is no linear equation, though.

The new girl who had just kissed me... "The Saint Lucifer's Girls' Preparatory Academy...?"

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sound before I can. "Yeah, yeah, 'this has been done before', 'the story isn't new', and 'the whole idea is over-used'. News flash: you're stuck, I'm stuck, you're confused, and I'm blind."

Chapter 2 by J F



I started to say the first thing that had come to mind, but as the news sank in, i held my breath and thought this through.

"You've had this happen before? Did we start this together or are we on separate ... omg ... paths?" Then after a deep and reasonably long breath i whispered hoarsely, "What is going on! I'm not interested in being "stuck"! So... tell me what you KNOW!"

The world was whipping around in a clip-cloppity rhythm as the smells started to sink in and we knew that there were freshly baked spice buns and breakfast pastries to be had nearby. Freshly dropped horse pies shook us out of the dreamy morning daze as we realized this wasn't necessarily going to be fun.

It may seem like long minutes had passed but it was all within the same moment that i'd smelled the spicy buns and horse dung that I felt Amy's hand to my right, and another firmer hand to my left.

"Now don't be so foolish, you little boys! What kind of rags is those! What ARE you doing laying about in the streets of the King's own county with the wars on and so much to do?! I ask you." And with that i realized that it was a British bobby, a constable, a police officer of the kind you see in Sherlock Holmes movies! He was fascinating. He wore a funny uniform, true, and it was now obvious, as i looked up toward his face, and saw that he was looking more at anybody who might be around us and willing to witness what he had discovered, that he had a strong manly chin and that it belonged to a very handsome face.

I let him pull me up, and Amy with me. I watched his face as he watched mine. He was a kind man, and firm in his ways. He wasn't old but he wasn't any boy, that was obvious. He knew how things should be done and that was how things ... "were done."

I'd never known somebody like that, and wouldn't have been able to tell you before our experience but I sure can now. Everything worked that way in those days. You did what was expected by "King and country" and sacrifice was high on the list of your buckets list even

Before you thought you had a bucket list. And so it started for Amy and me, he took my hand and I pulled Amy up with me. [See more of Story Wars](#)

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He let out a gurgle, stared at Amy who, in her darkness, was not really able to participate in our survival plan, then at me and then briskly un-hooded me.

"Well.... well indeed... fine... yes... very true... very very " I had trouble figuring out what he was thinking but as much as he thought he moved to act. As soon as he'd finished muttering to himself, we had seen him stop the traffic, had crossed the busy road, and had found ourselves at the gates to St. Lucifer's" with an incomprehensible word to the doorman, he shuffled us in and turned to disappear in the bustling streets outside the gates.

Alone together, inside the embracing arms of the courtyard to the most charming space i'd ever seen, I stood still and watched the guard walk away. I hadn't really absorbed what was said but realized that he'd told us to stay put. We were, without meaning to obey.

I didn't really like it. Who knows what would happen now, if we got swallowed inside this place... I turned to Amy but realized that she wasn't herself, she was ... swooning or something... and I wasn't sure what was happening to her NOR to me! I needed to think, and act and put this all together, and I realize that I needed to react very fast.

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